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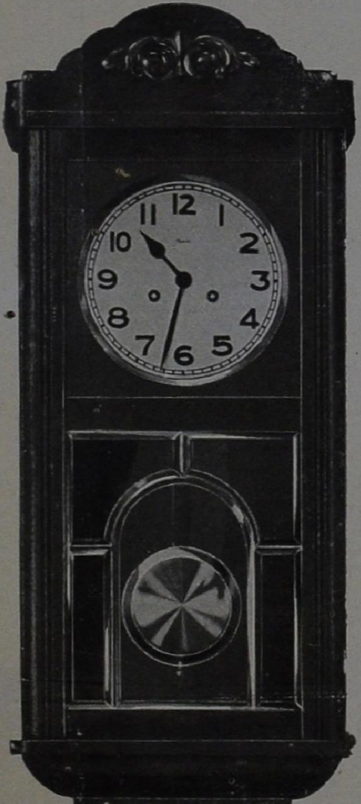

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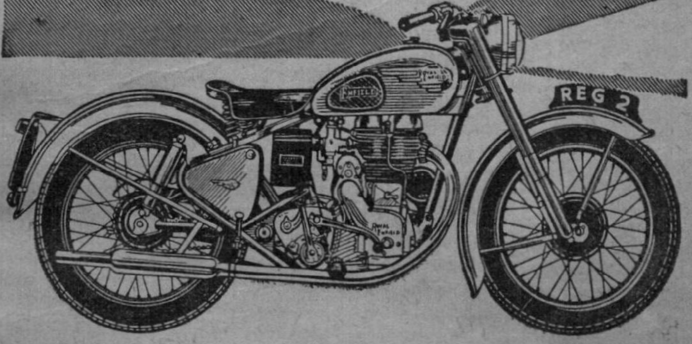

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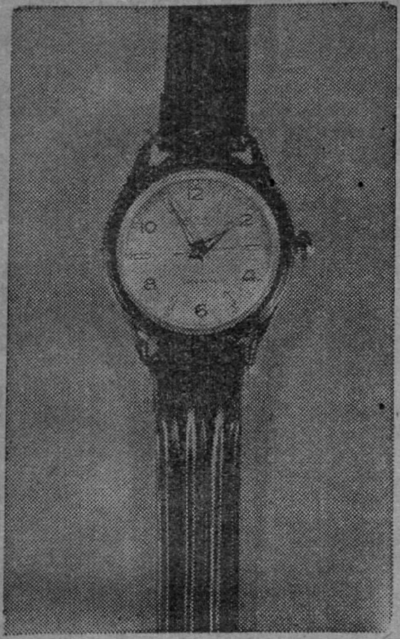

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THE MADRAS COLLEGIAN

Editor : **P. V. Muralikrishna Rao**

ANNUAL 1953 - 54

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Message

VIVEKANANDA COLLEGE,
(RAMAKRISHNA MISSION)
MYLAPORE, MADRAS-4.

10th February, 1954.

I have great pleasure in wishing *The Madras Collegian* long period of service and success. If the first issue is an index of its future, it is rightly entitled to be heartily congratulated in the achievement of the ideal it has set before itself. The contributions are varied, entertaining and instructive. They give unmistakeable signs of the great potentialities of the authors of the several articles. With the ardour and enthusiasm which the office bearers are bringing to bear on their task, I am sure of the great success of their aims and ideals.

N. SUNDARAM AIYAR,
Principal, Vivekananda College.

EDITORIAL

One more year of busy activity has come to an end for the Council and a new year with new office-bearers to guide its destiny is ahead of it. The Council is on the eve of entering its third year which we hope would be a very successful one—one packed with activities. We are glad that the Council is based on sound foundations and is growing in strength from year to year. This year has witnessed an all round improvement in the Council's activities as compared to that of last year. However, it is evident that we would not have been able to do what we did but for the foundations laid by our predecessors. Likewise, we legitimately hope that the incoming office-bearers would improve upon our work and open new avenues of activity to be fulfilled by their successors in turn. It is only thus by gradual and steady steps that we can achieve our goal, which is to equip the Student with all that is necessary to make his life a success.

We take this opportunity to welcome our successors, who we hope, would take the baton from us and cover much more distance than we did in the short space of one year.

THE MADRAS COLLEGE STUDENTS' COUNCIL

THE CONSTITUTION

1. Whereas, it is felt that there is a need for a non-political organisation of the students of the various colleges in the City of Madras, it is hereby resolved on this day, the 18th of October 1952, at the meeting of the official representatives from all colleges that an all college students' association to be named as the Madras College Students' Council shall be formed to promote inter-collegiate contact in cultural and other extra-curricular activities such as sports and games; discussions and debates; dance, drama and music.

2. The above Council shall be constituted by one member-representative from each college, the member being the elected office-bearer of the respective college.

3. For the purpose of promoting inter-collegiate contact and understanding an Annual Carnival or Cultural Week shall be held every year under the auspices of the above Council.

4. A Magazine shall also be run, wherein reports of activities of various College Unions along with interesting articles by students of various colleges shall be published.

5. Inter-collegiate competitions shall also be held.

6. The Council shall strictly keep out of politics.

7. The Council shall not interfere in the internal affairs of any particular college.

ABOUT OUR COUNCIL

Two years ago, the Prime Minister of India, while addressing a students' rally expressed the desire for the formation of an inter-collegiate students' association. This was the spark that produced the Madras College Students' Council, for, although such a need was widely felt by the students of Madras even before, yet there was no voice sufficiently loud and encouraging to guide them on. The chequered history of trade union movements was something which everyone associated with the word 'Union'. Consequently, an union of students was considered to be of a similar volatile nature. But much water has flowed under the bridge since the inception of this Council. The patronage of personalities like Pandit Jawaharlal Nehru, Sri. C. Rajagopalachari, Dr. C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer, Dr. A. L. Mudaliar and Sri. V. K. Krishna Menon has done much to bring the Council from its embryonic darkness into the sunlight of popular approval.

The Council is essentially federal in form and has a constitution which Sri. C. Rajagopalachari, evidently in a humorous vein, described as "something better than the Indian Constitution." The Council has a very ambitious and wide programme which seems to be beyond fulfilment but yet there is cause to be optimistic since each year the Council has taken a step not backwards but forwards. Perhaps the warm enthusiasm and eager response of the twenty five thousand students may enable the Council to reach a stage beyond the wildest dreams of its founders. But whatever be the future destiny which awaits this toddler, a peculiar eminence has been attached to it, not because it is a genuine students' organisation, but because it is the first attempt in Asia to create a common forum outside the college.

T. ARAVINDAKSHAN,
President.

ANNUAL REPORT OF THE MADRAS COLLEGE STUDENTS' COUNCIL

FOR THE YEAR 1953 — '54

President: Mr. T. Aravindakshan, B.SC. (*Law College*)

Vice-President: Miss. Patricia P. Castelino. (*Queen Mary's College*)

General Secretary: Mr. P. C. Reddy. (*Stanley Medical College*)

Joint Secretaries: Mr. V. Krishnamurthi. (*Pachaiyappa's College*)
Miss. D. Vathsala. (*Ethiraj College*)

Treasurer: Mr. C. B. Mohandas, B.SC. (*Madras Medical College*)

Editor: Mr. P. V. Muralikrishna Rao. (*Vivekananda College*)

To look back with pardonable pride and legitimate complacency on an year of outstanding achievements in multifarious activities is really very pleasant.

The elections which heralded the activities this year and which put the present Executive Committee into office were conducted on the 15th of August 1953. In keeping with the true traditions of our constitution the elections were conducted in a democratic spirit.

The Inaugural Address of the Council was delivered by our beloved leader, Rajaji, on the 2nd September, 1953. In a scintillating display of intellectual brilliance he exhorted us, to have a balanced outlook in political idealogies and advised us not to be depressed over failures.

The finances of our Council have always been a head-ache to us, especially since the social activities of the Council had increased in volume this year. Hence it was decided to arrange for a benefit film show. On September 5th, "The Father of the Bride," a comedy, was shown at Midland Theatre in aid of the Students' Council. A net income of Rs. 385 was collected, and this amount relieved us a little of our financial worries.

On the 2nd October, the Executive Committee interviewed Prime Minister Nehru at Raj Bhavan, Guindy. He was immensely pleased with the Council's activities and with its high aims and aspirations. He advised us to do some constructive work such as building roads, bridges etc. and thus try to uphold the dignity of labour. He extended his good-will to us, and wished the Council all success.

The most important and colourful feature in our programme this year was the Cultural Festival, which was inaugurated by Dr. A. L. Mudaliar on the 5th November 1953. The aim of holding such a Festival was to draw the best talents of each college in an atmosphere of healthy competition and to promote Indian culture and arts by proper encouragement. The response to our appeal was most satisfactory Fourteen colleges of the City took part in the competitions. Sri. C. Subramaniam, Finance Minister, presided on the 6th; and Sri. S. V. Ramamurthy, retired Chief Secretary of Madras, presided on the 7th. On the 8th Sri. T. Chengalvaroyan, the then Mayor of Madras, presided and gave away the prizes to the various winners. The Judges were Miss. Vijaya Koman, Principal of the Queen Mary's College; Sri. Prakasha Rao, Producer and Director; and Sri. Ananda Rao, Lecturer in Law College.

The following were the recepients of the various prizes :—

Best play (*Men's Section*)—Law College.

Best play (*Women's Section*)—Ethiraj College.

Best actor—Sri. Parthasarathy, (*Presidency College*).

Best actress—Miss. Irene Dias, (*Queen Mary's College*).

Best dancer—Miss. Vijayalakshmi, (*Queen Mary's College*).

Best Songster (*Instrumental*)—Sri. Aziz, (*Central Polytechnic*).

Best Songster (*Vocal*)—(*Lady Willingdon Training College*).

Mono-acting—Sri. Kothandaramiah, (*Stanley Medical College*).

Special prize donated by Sri. Prakasha Rao for originality in histrionics—(Stanley Medical College).

Oratorical competition—Sri. Sivalingam, (*Govt. Arts College*).

At an extra-ordinary meeting held at Pachaiyappa's College on the 6th January 1954, under the auspices of the Council, Sri. V. K. Krishna Menon addressed the students of Madras. He gave an illuminative lecture on India's foreign policy. Dr. A. L. Mudaliar presided.

SOCIAL SERVICE CAMP AT PAKKAM VILLAGE.

We do not pretend to be great social reformers nor do we claim that we are champions of rural uplift. We do not believe that social service alone can improve the standard of living in our country. We recognise the limitations of social service in villages where poverty, ignorance and disease are rooted deeply. The main object of the Council in organising a social service camp at Pakkam village was to inculcate in the students the spirit of social service and dignity of labour, and to give them opportunities to make a first hand study of the actual living conditions of the rural people. What we did at Pakkam may not be of much

significance compared to what we must have done, but I am sure that the batch of thirteen students drawn from various colleges did their best to improve the sanitation of the village and create among the people a sense of cleanliness. The Collector of Chinglepet, who visited our camp, paid a glowing tribute to our Council's humanitarian activities. The Sports Day which was conducted at the end of our week's stay was immensely enjoyed by the simple rural folk. I am sure they would all cherish fond memories of our short stay.

OUR TRIP TO CEYLON.

We organised a trip to Ceylon during the summer vacation and we are glad to note that it was a great success. Sixteen students representing various colleges went to the island by air on the 5th May 1954 as ambassadors of culture and goodwill. The kind hospitality shown to us by the various organisations in Ceylon, especially the Vivekananda Society, was overwhelming. We were all impressed by the majestic serenity of Colombo, by the sheer beauty of Nuwara Eliya, the calm dignity of Anuradhapura and Kandy. The party had the privilege of meeting eminent personages of Ceyon like the Prime Minister of Ceylon, Sri. Thondaman, President of the Ceylon Congress, and Sri. C. C. Desai the Indian High Commissioner in Ceylon. On the 15th May we returned to our homeland with mingled feelings of joy and sorrow. Our trip to Ceylon was very pleasant and educative. It has widened our outlook and has left an undelible impression and sweet memories in us.

Dear friends, I have come to my journey's end as the General Secretary of the Council. Let me thank all my colleagues and office-bearers, who have given me their whole hearted co-operation and constructive suggestions throughout the whole year. I wish all good luck to my successors!

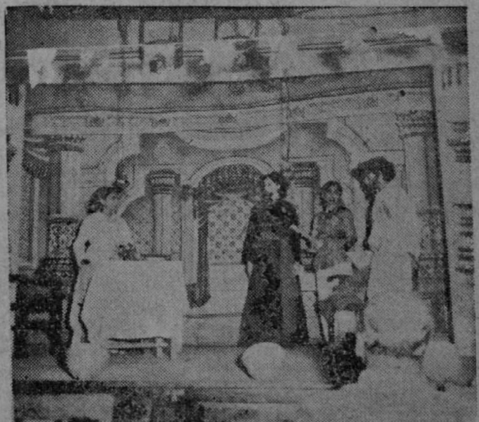
P. C. REDDY,
General Secretary.

CULTURAL FESTIVAL

ETHIRAJ COLLEGE
(Best play : Women's Section)

STANLEY MEDICAL COLLEGE
(Awarded Special Prize)

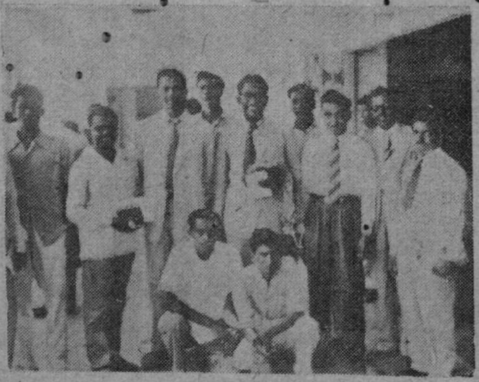
Sri. P. KOTHANDARAMAIAH
of STANLEY MEDICAL COLLEGE
(Winner : Mono-play competition)



QUEEN MARY'S COLLEGE

[*Photos by R. Gopalakrishnan*

MEMBERS OF THE COUNCIL'S
GOOD-WILL TRIP TO CEYLON



SOCIAL SERVICE CAMP AT PAKKAM VILLAGE

CRIME AND PUNISHMENT MODERN VERSION

I scrutinised the thing again. Yes sir, it was positively gorgeous, and it did my weak eyes some good. I could see myself striding carelessly down the street in it; whilst scores of bright admiring eyes would watch my lean figure passing by. It was one of those Samson and Delilah bush-coats, representing all the colours of the rainbow and a few more. The mighty Samson glared across my left shoulder; and the siren lazed indolently about my midriff revealing a sizable expanse of tummy and thigh. It was going to make me look—I believe debonair is the word.

I stepped out buoyantly with my head high up in the clouds. And who should I run into immediately but charming Mrs. Williams the hospital matron. She peered short-sightedly at me, and then made a sort of ejaculation. It sounded midway between a gasp and a groan. And then she did the queerest thing on earth. She turned and doubled back into her house. Oh well! I reflected philosophically, a touch of the good old D. Tremens perhaps. But feeling more charitable I thought she must have forgotten her keys or something.

I walked along serenely, until I began to get a suggestion that all was not quite well. First one and then several pairs of optics turned inquiringly towards me. And there was little admiration in them. An old lady glared at me as if I was an even lower species of life than Darwin had tried to discover. Jealousy—green-eyed jealousy—I knew, was at the bottom of it all. I ignored them disdainfully.

I met a whole bevy of college girls further up. One of them giggled and pointed at me; and then all of them found something funny to start giggling together. Incidentally there are only two kinds of girls—the giggly ones and the non-giggly ones. Personally I am partial to both. But at the moment this exhibition of mirth was most embarassing. I was conscious too of many voices clearly and dispassionately discussing my clothes, my books, and my probable private life. It was a most harrowing experience, and I wouldn't go through it again for anything. I quickened my pace and sought refuge in the club.

I went straight upto the bar, and ordered a much needed bracer. The man behind the bar was a very understanding type. Judging the condition of my poor nerves he purposely kept avoiding my eye.

I stepped refreshed into the billiards room. Only the marker was there, leaning absent-mindedly against a door contemplating infinity. I tapped him on the shoulder. He started at me, and his lower jaw dropped. What's more! he kept his mouth open for quite a while. Poor honest fellow! he had never had the opportunity of seeing anyone arrayed in such regal splendour. It bucked me quite a bit, and what with the old man's curious tendency to drive the cue into the table I had no difficulty in despatching him with a comfortable margin—a thing which had never happened before.

Jauntily, I swaggered into the library. Of all the luck! my eagle eyes discerned good old Vasu smoking in a corner.

"Vasu", I chortled, "Long time nosee. Where've you been these days, you old son of Bal."

He turned around and raised his eyebrows a fraction of an inch. He let it flicker there for sometime. He looked as if he was examining a centipede.

"What's wrong," I stammered.

" Your dress."

"What's wrong with it. It tickles the eyes ?"

" It hits the eye," he corrected. " Even an ape in his natural habitat would shun such apparel."

"It tickles the eye," I repeated, but strangely enough my voice lacked conviction. Vasu being the dressiest Man-about-Town knew what he was talking about......

That night I sat listening sombrely to the latest groans from Radio Ceylon. I had a consoling glass of the best before me. Life, I reflected moodily, is a pretty rotten business, what with the irony and the paradox and the what not; and diverse other melancholy thoughts chased each other across the old coconut. My cup of bitterness was full to the brim, and it threatened to overflow any moment. Suddenly a bright thought streaked across my mind—the silver lining at last.

" Mohammed Ali," I yelled. Introducing Mohammed Ali, my butler-cum-cook-cum-valet-cum everything. I like to think of him as being Jeeve-ish although he is far from being irreproachable, and only the other day I came upon him blowing his nose in one of my kerchiefs. His only qualification for being considered Jeeve-ish is that he speaks in monosyllables.

" Mohammed Ali," I asked. Like his Wodehousean contemporary, I knew, he had oozed in and was standing behind me.

" Sir," he replied.

" That bush-coat."

" Sir ?"

" The new one. The Samson and Delilah one."

" Yes sir."

" Burn it. Throw it out. Give it to the needy poor. Do something, but don't let me see it again."

" It's alright sir. It has been withdrawn from your cupboard."

" Is that so ?" I asked relieved.

"Yes sir, I am wearing it at the moment." I gasped and fought for air.

P. R. CHARI.
Loyola College.

WAIT AND HOPE

Of all the irksome and irritating occupations in life, waiting is one of the very worst. It sounds very easy to say 'Wait and Hope', but oh ! how difficult it really is.

Waiting ! we wait at the bus-stops for the buses which never seem to come too soon, for the eagerly sought for letter which we do not get. We wait for the progress reports, which we open with beating hearts, to find perhaps trifling marks blinking at us—or is it we who blink at the marks ? But waiting is seldom completely unrewarding. Even if all one's waiting ends in disappointment, there is still the pleasure of complaining about it in heart-broken tones to one's companicns. There is a delight in grumbling which is extremly pleasant when a sympathetic listener happens to be at hand. There is an ancient Indian proverb which says: 'The patient will inherit the earth'. I have often quoted it with a virtuous look on my face when I qued up to pay in my fees.

But with all its unpleasantness, I could not possibly live without waiting in eager expectation of something. Would you like to know what I am waiting for now ? The answer to a simple question ; how do you like reading this ?

LAURA SUNDARESAN.
Women's Christian College.

A GOOD RETURN

In art and beauty was he bred,
In intellect he was dead;
Born and brought up in vulgar,
To him even salt tasted sugar.

"Behold ! " he said, "there goes a beauty".
To him it seemed a good deity;
What a wonderful lock of hair,
To make her still more fair.

Full moon-like face she had,
Made his heart joy and glad;
A fine pair of eye-lashes,
Made in his heart many clashes.

To add she had rosy lips,
Which tightened as if to a clip;
Slow and serious was her walk,
And with nobody did she talk.

But, she made glances sideward,
And her looks were downward;
At times, a long breath she took,
And looked awhile at her book.

She wore a dress good and elegant,
Which made her look more diligent;
It seemed she noticed none,
Everyone noticing her was fun.

He often cast his looks at her,
And desired to make a call on her;
Hence he went nearer to her,
Thought, he would be noticed by her.

Alas! she continued to go forward,
Not even caring to look backward;
He followed her like a spaniel,
And thought to be a colonel.

Disgusted at her long impertinence,
He wanted to shake her from negligence ;
So, a soft touch he made,
And thought she would turn and him bade.

The lady, then turning,
Beheld, a man standing ;
With his hands clasping,
And his body shivering.

Her round face revealed fury,
In it her beauty did she bury ;
The unwanted caller she eyed,
Who thought he would be amply replied.

Pity him! he got a GOOD RETURN,
Which made him turn ;
And show a pair of heals fine,
For, on his cheek was a mark of shine.

To be clear, a slap on his cheek,
Made him run and new shelter seek ;
Thought the better to run away,
Leaving the lady to go her way.

Hence, beyond limit do not go,
Even a beauty, would become a foe ;
Try to be a good man,
And be praised by every gentleman.

C. S. RAMACHANDRA RAO.
Vivekananda College.

ON PHOTOGRAPHS

No, this is not a learned treatise despite the Baconian title. I am no hunter with the camera. I admit to owning one, but after being told by a studio man that it was queer the way my sister always got good shots while I didn't all my ambitions to rival Cecil Beaton died a premature death. I have now joined the majority—the photographed.

'Photographs are nice when one is pretty,'—that is the first line of a dreadful quartet which continues 'Autographs are nice when one is witty', and with which we used to defile each others autograph albums. But I digress and what in Lamb and his ilk would be referred to as charming would, I fear, in me be ticked off summarily as straying from the point. What I wanted to say was that the faith reposed by all people in the camera is truly touching. Your face may not be your fortune—contrariwise—but if you have been photographed, if only for a passport, you will wait impatiently till the proofs arrive, and seeing them, cluck mournfully that they do not do you justice.

Now, I am no Helen. The only reason why people would launch a ship on seeing me would be to sail as fast as possible in the opposite direction. But if a photograph of mine had the same effect, I'll work to get the photographer bankrupt. But there I go again.

The reason why I am stimulated to write is that we've just had our Class Photograph taken and it was great fun watching the proceedings and observing the different reactions to the same stimulus.

A class group is a big one but by the preparations made one would have thought that each student was being posed separately.

Folks have various theories on the best 'ensemble' to be photographed in. Some favour prints, others swear by plain, some by light and some by dark, and some have a special get-up for photographs which are worn every year with unfailing regularity.

But clothes are'nt the best part by any means. Facial expression are far more important. Many people appear haughty in photographs but they would take an oath that they looked as if butter would not melt in their respective mouths. Then there are those who 'with nose as centre draw a smile from ear to ear' looking for all the world like a toothpaste ad : There are those who appear paralysed in the act of smiling and who stare in an unnerving manner ; others who consider (quite unreasonably) their profiles the more attractive and turn their face at just the right moment—watch out for them—and lastly those who by some optical illusion manage to look as if they grew on the film. And here's a tip straight from the horse's mouth, to achieve that far-away look think of something pleasant but not amusing.

Having achieved it, to time it with the actual click of the camera is nerve-racking. 'Are you ready ? One-two-three', says the man and dives under the black cloth. You hastily wipe that expression you got off the screen hoping no one saw you. He does it again and you get mad and as you are looking it he has clicked.........having recovered the only thing to do is to be philosophic and hope you are in good company.

A. A.
Women's Christian College.

WISE SPECULATION

His face was distorted with soundless sobbing; tears welled in his eyes and the letter which he had been reading, seemed to go out of focus.

It was evident that he was trying hard to repress a cry that swelled from his heart and rushed to his lips : " My dear Kumar and Shantha, pardon me. I repent my having crossed your path." He must have repressed it for only a groan escaped—the wail of his utter remorse. The remorse of his soul must have been so deep, indeed, that he even felt a needless and a rebellious spite against his Fate and Wealth.

He read the letter again, for the eighth time. It was long and written in a bold and steady hand. It ran as follows:

"Shantha Clinic"
Madras, 13-4-'51.

My Dear Chander,

I am in your debt for your kind letter intimating me the demise of your wife, Shantha, in deference to her last wish, by that sentence you have used to convey her death which is really very crisp: "She, that stood between you and me has been removed by God in his infinite wisdom."

I really am at a loss to know whether I ought to congratulate myself or condole with you, upon the loss of your wife.

You still seem to feel that I am your doctor for your money's sake. But I had a still greater motive in taking up the treatment of Shantha. She was my love and would have been my wife; had it not been for the abundance of your wealth. I bare my heart to you, now that Shantha is no more and I, also will by the time this letter reaches you, be no more.

Despite the fact that I am the eldest son of my aged parents, and that I have a very promising future before me, I have resolved to quit this world because, otherwise, I would be failing in my promise to Shantha.

Shantha and I are both from Madras and I know her ever since she was in her earliest teens : we were neither neighbours nor school-mates : the first occasion on which we met was in our village, to where we had moved with our families, consequential to the war-scare in the city and the attendant evacuation of it in 1942. Her family, too, moved into their village, three miles distant from ours on the other side of the river. We used to meet at the river bed, which was then dry of water, and that for at least an hour daily.

Soon we endeared ourselves to each other. That love knows no boundaries, political and economical, is *cent per cent* true : I never for a moment realised that I was in a step, very much lower to hers in the economic ladder. 'One ought to be at least a Prince to aspire for her', I used to tell myself in my moments of depression.

On our return to the city I prosecuted my higher studies in the medical college in deference to my father's wish. She was then in her pre-matriculation class. Two years flitted by and I found myself in the third M. B. and her in the college. This life made it easy for us to meet each other more frequently and freely, with less of fear and absolute freedom from restraint. This absence of restraint helped only to fan the fire of love within us and soon we were determined that we could not do without each other any more. All this while, we kept our parents in the dark regarding our affections.

It was one cool summer evening in 1946—yes, it was in 1946, I remember it well, for she had just then passed her intermediate and I was in my final M. B., we met as usual, in the beach. The sun was half sunk in the sea. She was standing, waiting for

me there, silhouted as it were, against the sky. She appeared to me like an angel with a fiery halo. She stood there as a concrete definition of that poetic phrase "sweet seventeen".

After our usual preliminary greetings she straightaway shot this question at me :

"I hope, Kumar, you will be marrying me next March *at least*,", she deliberately emphasised the last word, in order, perhaps, to drive it home.

"Shanthi, you seem to fear that I am dodging and postponing it merely with a view to throwing you overboard at a later date." I was a fool to have taken her so seriously, for as soon as I was finished, I noticed that impish gleam in her eyes.

"Kumar, you seem to take me so seriously. I meant it as a joke. But, Kumar, I have important news for you, which should interest you," she said and paused to watch my reaction to her explanation. I betrayed my eagerness and interest. I saw her eyes were swimming in tears when she began to speak.

"My father is busy about my marriage." She turned her head away from me and I shifted myself nearer to her and drew her face towards me and saw that her face was wet with tears.

"Why are you so childish, Shanthi" I wiped her tears with my kerchief. "Why don't you tell your father about our love ?"

"Tell father ?" She evidently winced at that suggestion, "might as well peep into the crater of an erupting volcano !" I could by then hear her sob.

"Then, Shanthi ?" I felt I was facing a *cul-de-sac.*

"..................."

"Shall I ask?"

She looked me full in the face for a minute.

"You really mean it, Kumar ?"

"Yes, dear, for *your* sake" I reiterated.

She shrugged her shoulders limply and stared at me in an un-understandable gaze. Then limbering her fingers leisurely she replied, in a raspy voice. "You try, Kumar." A sigh escaped from her. Then she continued. "He is a curious man, my father. Prospects are not very promising, dear". She looked at me despondently. That look —like that of a dumb animal—betrayed to me ever so many feelings of hers.

"Shanthi, I am sure I will marry you". I reassured her.

She laid her head gently on my chest and sat gazing at the horizon. It was by no means an unattractive view : the sky tinted with all the mellowed hues of a pigeon's breast, appeared languidly to merge itself into the expanse of the pearl-grey sea. I held her by the shoulder and saw a gentle painful smile lift the corner of her mouth.

"But Kumar, try as I might, I cannot bring myself to be so sure of my future happiness with you dear !"

The words struck me like the blows from a sledge hammer.

"What ?" I gasped, "You can't be so sure Shanthi ?"

"Yes, Kumar! I know my father well. 'One can seldom satisfy all the world and his father', the saying goes and it is true!"

Before we knew how it had happened, she was in my arms and we were lost in a kiss—a sweet profound kiss.

As sure as my word, I approached her father the next evening.

"Pardon me," he said on hearing my mission. "You have behaved verily like a gentleman. I envy the father of such a son. But, all the same, I am sorry I cannot give my daughter in marriage to you." I felt as if the ground beneath my feet gave way and my bones had melted within. I slumped into the chair behind me.

"I say nothing of inequality," he went on to explain, "My dear young man, all gentlemen are equal. It will ill suit me to assume superior airs—me, who owes his fortune and status to his wife. I have been by this marriage of mine, forced to suppress all my youthful aspirations and in short, half my nature. I was born in the log-cabin all right, but have risen to such a high social status by the use of princely dowry my wife brought me. "The result," he said, striking a personal note, "is that the world calls me a great man and a capable administrator and also a good politician." He fumbled with the back of his hands at his lips for words, as it were, and then continued in a low gruff voice.

"Position in its train brings power. And like all men in power, my dear doctor, I ought to strengthen myself by other titles and fortunes than my own. And for that, I bank my hopes of future upon my only child Shantha. My dear young man, I hope to contract an alliance which will lead me to a position higher up in the spiral." He did not dare to look at my reddening face."

"So sir, you propose to use her as your fortune's gambit." I realised that my voice was unusually shrill and fluttering.

"If that is how you view it—yes. But had I been your well-wisher and not Shantha's father and were she to be had, with all her princely dowry for the mere asking, I would, as a *man* request you to fly away from the curse of having to owe your status and existence to your wife—it is the reversal of the very law of nature. An insult to manhood within us."

There was tense silence for a minute. Then in a lower tone he said "My marriage has ever been a millstone round my neck—an oppressing weight on my heart, my genius, my pride and upon all my nobler emotions," and in a confidential undertone he added "I must all the same admit that my wife had never breathed a word that could offend my pride and feelings. Much as I love Shantha, I doubt if she has the noble heart of her mother."

"I have no doubts regarding her greatheartedness, sir," I butted in, "I feel—sincerely feel sir,—that you are sacrificing your child's happiness to your political ambitions. I am afraid that your wise speculation sir, will end in bankruptcy."

"My dear goodman" he said in the way Sherlock Holmes would have addressed Dr. Watson, "*that*, I call the impatience of youth. Allow me to comment, Mr. Kumar, from my experience and age : she will, I am sure, have a wretched life with you. She may not—and *you* will certainly not—think so *now*. But five years hence, she will. She cannot be a wife to a man who owes his all to her. I shall not sacrifice her future happiness for her first emotions", he sounded unequivocal about his decision.

"Thanks, very much, sir I assure you that if she will be happy by not marrying me, I will certainly be happy myself. I will also keep out of her sight, if need be. Give me leave to go, sir, and part as a friend of yours."

"Goodbye until we meet again, my dear friend. I do not wish to insult you now with offers of my service. But remember that I am always prepared to help you—you need only demand it. One word more doctor." I was about to pass through the door when I stopped short, on his calling me again.

"In a situation which would have caused unnecessary misunderstanding and bad blood, you have made a brazen-hearted man admire you and honour your father. You, a boy, have made me, a man with greying hairs think mightily better of the world. Convey my congratulations to your father."

I ran straight to meet Shantha, who was eagerly waiting for me, to hear the outcome of my interview with her father.

"Shanthi" words failed me and I looked at her through unseeing eyes in a vacant stare. She surmised from my face the result of my talks with her father. She shook me by my shoulder and bade me tell her quickly. I could not look at her when I spoke, for I was sure I would not stand the miserable feelings which would rush to her eyes and flash through her face.

"You are not to be mine, dear," I managed to epitomise her father's decision. Without seeing her I could visualise her tear-wet face breakdown altogether swathed in a flood of tears.

"Shanthi, dear, crying is of no avail. I make you a promise, if that will suffice. I will remain a bachelor and upon the expiry of my medical course and house-surgeon-ship I will settle in the mofussil far, far away from your sight. In turn......". She buried her face in my bosom and wept herself out.

"Shanthi, crying is of no avail. You will, hereafter, have to face the realities of life. Dear, I request you to keep our love-affair a secret. Hitherto only three of us—you, your father and I—know it. Forget me and try to live a new life," I begged of her.

All that she gave in reply were tears. "Kumar, I am sure I won't live to bear this married-misery." She sobbed.

"Sh! Don't be a silly school-girl. It is not in your hands: your dying or living. We are all pawns in the game of chess—and there is one wise and Prime Mover according to whose Will, we move. Take this in that light, my dear. I will go to some mofussil town and practice lest," I added cautiously, "my presence here should wound your susceptibilities."

"How cruel of you, Kumar, to speak thus. But I am sure God will be merciful and grant me a quick exit from this misery."

"If, dear, I should hear that you are dead, *I shall follow you* the very next day. This is certain; and show to the world the triumph of true love," I promised her taking her brine-cooled hands into mine.

"Why, after all, Kumar why should you follow me? Don't make such a rash promise, darling."

We parted with heavy hearts.

Soon she was married to you, but you may remember that I did not attend your marriage for obvious reasons.

"You two are two roses on a single stem in the gardens of God. The frost of failure cannot freeze you, for, you are warmed by the air of heaven", I wrote her on the occasion of her marriage.

God was really not as merciless as I thought Him to be in my case. He made me pass my Final Examinations with flying colours and He also sent my way a scholarship to go abroad. I spent three years in America and England specialising in Serology and returned to India only in August last.

I learnt to my astonishment that Shantha's parents were no more and that you were a flourishing business magnate. But the worst blow came when I learnt that Shantha was suffering from an incurable disease. I racked my professional brains as to which disease was incurable. But since all my surmises did not fit in with Shantha's health, as I last saw, I felt miserable at my not knowing her disease. So at last I decided that she must have become a victim of Phthisis. Innumerable were the times in which I was about to dial your house and contact Shantha on the phone and as decidedly I had taken up the instrument I replaced it; if *you* answered the call?

Months passed by, with my restlessness gnawing at my vitals, like a canker in the

in the bud. On the 20th February, I read in the papers that you had left for London on a business tour and so I fixed up an engagement and met Shantha—I could not keep quiet. I was shocked to see her, in such a state of health and mind.

"What disease, Shanthi, is consuming you?" that was my first question to her.

"Married misery! I have nothing to hope and live for. I sincerely wish I were dead. Kumar, for the sake of our past love, will you do me a service now, in your professional capacity?" She asked.

"What, Shanthi? I will certainly help you. To whom else could I employ my professional skill to better advantage", I said.

"A small favour—give me a dose of poison that will kill me quickly." I felt as if I had touched a live electric wire.

"That, Shanthi, dear, unfortunately I cannot do", I said.

"You must, Kumar. For, my family doctor says I am going to die one day or other, and that I could not be cured."

I contacted your family doctor later and learned to my horror that Shanthi was the victim of Leukæmia, that incurable disease, otherwise known as cancer of the blood.

I decided, after much thought, to put an end to her mental and physical misery by treating her. But I was wavering for a month between the two possible courses of action: cure her of her disease or administer euthanasia to her: the first was impossible.

After long hesitation, on the first of this month I decided to give her euthanasia, rather than prolong her married misery, But, I with professional caution, did not express my decision to her. I simply gave her a box of 50 capsules, asking her to take them one at a time, three times a day. Do you know what each of those capsules contained? One and one-half grains of DIGITALIS.

On your return ten days ago, I was introduced to you, by Shantha herself, and you expressed your indebtedness to me for my professional care of your wife. But Chander, I should express my indebtedness to you for having afforded me the opportunity to administer small doses of happiness, in those capsules, to my dear disappointed darling Shanthi.

And my poison worked all right. She died and you have been believing, till you read this letter, that she died of natural causes.

But I know I *murdered* her. Am I really her murderer? Shantha will say that I was her *deliverer*: I administered euthanasia. If administering euthanasia is a moral offence I plead guilty and am prepared to stand before Him on the reckoning day, if there is one such.

And that is why, I said, whether I ought to congratulate myself or condole with you upon her demise.

When I meet Shantha's father in the other world—I am not sure whether I will be going to Heaven or Hell—I would certainly reiterate the prediction I made earlier, concerning his wise speculation about Shantha and thereby indirectly his own future.

I have confessed to you my guilt—if guilt it is—but I will soon be beyond the pale of temporal law, which is oblivious to all other considerations.

Give me leave to say "*Adieu*" my dear friend and to subscribe myself as ever yours in eternity.

"Kumar."

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"ON BEING BORED"

"A certain amount of tolerance to boredom is essential for a complete and successful life"

—Ancient Chinese Proverb.

The meaning of the word 'Bore' is itself a highly complicated and controversial subject. But if you look up in any standard English dictionary, you may get it as follows:

Bore (*bōr*):—tiresome talkative person, a hole made by drilling.

V.I.T. :—To tire a listener or reader with dullness. To pierce. *Adj.* Boresome.

Eminent psychologists tell us that boredom is "a state of mind which is almost in a collapsed state, unable to resist the oncoming attack, indifferent to environment due to shock and which can be passively controlled by the 'Borer.'" But the field is so vast that even this explanation is inadequate and empirical. (It is my personal opinion). But the problem how this 'state of mind' is created is a post graduate question in Metaphysics. Some scientists are of opinion that there is a 'centre for boredom' situated very near the vasomotor centre in Medulla and this on stimulation gives rise to the 'state of mind'. But there is a different school of thought too. The upholders of 'humeral theory' have shown that due to unpleasant auditory or visual stimulation, the nerve endings liberate a chemical toxin known as 'Borexin' which act as a general depressant on C.N.S. The latter theory has experimental support. Any one who finds the correct solution to this problem deserves Nobel Prize or Stalin Prize.

The after effect of 'Boredom' is a subjective phenomenon with which all of us are familiar. It is a group of syndrome ranging from mild to very severe types. The normal sequence is as follows:

First the 'talk (or music) of the 'borer' becomes less and less audible, than it takes a shapeless mass of agonising pain. Auditory hallucination may occur. If the causative factor persists, there is throbbing pain in the head, the whole body is easily irritable and in a hyper-excitable condition. (The author has seen some cases where tremor and muscular twitchings have occurred). But thank God! the victim slowly slips into blissful sleep. This last stage resembles the stage of surgical anæsthesia. It is a dreamy oblivion where he can sing with the old boozer Omar Khayyam 'Sans time, Sans end Sans everything.''

The borers :—There are some persons amongst us who have realized their goal in life! their purpose and ambition! that of boring others!! You can find them anywhere; they may be your intimate friends, or even complete strangers. The common features of this type of persons are more or less the same. Age, sex, race mean no difference. They can talk with authority on any subject from the latest 'artificial hibernation drugs' to the mystery of the 'return of President Naguib. Any attempt on your part to question the validity of their authority would bring out violent reaction. Being a sensible person you merely nod your head with a silly smile. But even this would not bring any relief to you. Pleased with your co-operation, the 'borer' brings forth a torrent of lecture, punctuated with facts and figures, freely quoting from many authors.

Amongst these individuals there is an upper class—the elite of the 'Bore Society.' Art is for Art's sake (not for audience's sake) is their motto. They enjoy a hectic day during college or hostel functions. They plan out carefully and methodically and when their 'great day of chance' comes, they

assault the spectators right and left till the audience faint, gasping for breath. Some brave souls in the auditorium may protest in high pitch of their voice, against this sort of treatment; but with a well aimed attack they too are silenced and victimised. The artists of this "cult of Boredom" follow different technique. The art of boring goes under the mask of music or draped under the cloak of drama. But of course *our* college artistes are a notable exception !!

But one man's meat is another man's poison. What appears clearly to you an embodiment of Boredom may appeal to your neighbour as the highest form of art and beauty. Once, I asked my friend James, his opinion about a film; he emotionally replied that the film was "a super callosal production of the modern era; a film of beauty and joy forever." I promptly went to see that, 'miracle of the century, a thing of beauty and joy." But I returned completely disillusioned and bored. Now, I curse the day I asked his opinion and never will I again ask his opinion knowing well his sense of appreciation of art.

People use this word 'Bore' very often without any meaning! The indiscriminate use of the word 'Bore' should be prohibited and penalised. Any undesirable or unpleasant sensation should not be confused with the state of 'Boredom'. There is no sense in saying 'I never wear green ties because they are so boring." I once asked my girl friend why she never ate potato chips. She cast a painful glance at me and replied coyly, "why, the taste is so boring !!"

Can we escape 'boredom'? Well the answer is nearly impossible. Great thinkers and philosophers have come to the conclusion that life is a Bore. They came to this 'worthy' conclusion by cold logical reasoning. Life is an illusion. And Boredom is something in the nature of an illusion. Since both the phenomena cannot be explained, Life is a Bore. As we cannot escape from the realities of life, we cannot escape from 'boredom' too.

But if we try to escape from boredom, the consequences will be disastrous. If you are in a company with a big 'shot' who gives you a long lecture about his exploits, pretend as if you are interested in it, however much you are bored. This is a fundamental lesson in 'crow catching' which of course requires a certain amount of endurance to boredom. Do you want to be popular with the fair sex? Don't show signs of boredom whenever they talk to you even for hours together ! Definitely you will succeed. Trial costs nothing. If we cut the lecture classes (thinking them as boring) we will come to grief later. If we postpone reading our text-books (certainly they are boring) our convocation day too will be postponed. That is why, there are tons of wisdom in the Ancient Chinese Proverb "certain amount of endurance to boredom is essential for a successful and complete life."

Last word ! You may be interested in knowing why I wrote this article on 'Bordom.' My two room mates are post graduates in this art of Boring. They are known in the hostel as Master Borers. Life was a night mare with them at first but after an initial attack, I got immuned. Now I am taking lessons of that gentle art. That was the reason for the birth of this article.

So friends ! Let me conclude before you shout " Bore ! Bore !! "

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SCHOOL MEMORIES

Even though I am now a student of Ethiraj College yet school memories seem to haunt my mind as many a ghost haunts many a superstitious person. Incidents, accidents, plays, sports, studies everything seem to flash vividly through my mind with amazing rapidity as I look back through the mists of a short period. School and its atmosphere seems to me to have been the very personification of bliss. A Paradise where Mischief was dominant!

The teachers were as good as gold. They gave us good advice and tried their level best to lead us through the right path, though very few of us showed any signs of reformation. Our class teacher was a dignified, sociable and just person. She sympathized with us when any misfortune befell us. Our Principal was a beloved lady. She trained us both in duty and play with the aim to produce good citizens inspired with loyalty towards our country.

Many rules were laid down, and every girl was expected to abide by them. Other rules we thought were tolerable but one which stated that no girl should remove the drinking glasses from their respective places, we thought was just ridiculous and most unnecessary. Hence we tried to veto that law by chasing each other with tumblers of water. One of the school attendants happened to notice this and reported the matter to the Principal who revealed to us the necessity of that rule. It was a sound advice but we were struck speechless with rage, and on coming upon the attendant shouted out, "snub, short, sneak, stupid, silly," which from our point of view seemed to be the most appropriate names. Oh! did'nt we enjoy calling him names. He seldom faced us after that memorable day.

Our guide meetings were the times we enjoyed most. It was as if freedom of speech was never restricted. When we went out on excursions a certain amount of dignity was maintained though most of us considered dignity in all its forms undesirable. Sales and dramatics were times when confusion reigned supreme since each enjoyed seeing the other in fits of laughter and rage. We indulged in tantalizing our only master during the Art classes. The first day of every April were the days when our naughtiness knew no bounds.

Mischief in all its forms took possession of us though sometimes, I must admit, we were subjected to extreme grief for often did we fail to perform our duties. We High school girls were termed, "The Notorious Set," though I doubt if any one of us would have accepted it, for we had a very high opinion of ourselves!

Thus school were times of merriment, but when our examinations were approaching anyone could have found in us the most amiable and studious young ladies. I would never mind going back to school if I were given a chance to be a student of the Montessori class!

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'TRIO'

Every second the silver painted poles seemed to run back faster than the train; at every level-crossing the warning-bell was ringing incessantly. Automobiles were parked near every gate to push their way across the rails as the gates opened. And the electric train was heading towards its destination through the heart of the city. In that train, in a second class compartment, three college students were arguing vehemently.

They were notorious in the college, as the 'Trio'. As was customary with them, the 'Trio' were returning home on a Sunday, after their ramble in the city. Ravi, Ramesh and Ramu, were feathers of the same bird; they were always in company. Ravi, who was the tallest of the group, was looked upon by the other two as the pillar on which they could lean for support when they were in hot waters. Nor did Ravi disappoint them. He seemed to possess a strange power that attracted his friends towards him. Ravi was enterprising. "It behoves the great to be always active" was his nonchalant reply to any jesting remark about him. Invariably, he was the soul of the 'Trio'. The 'Trio' were the centre of all eyes in the college; whenever they lounged within the college premises with knitted arms, junior students would nudge their neighbours and whisper. "There go the 'Trio'." Even the stern-faced Principal sometimes smiled whenever his inquiring glance fell upon them.

Sundays were the happiest days for them and this Sunday was no exception. They were returning home from the city, cheerful as usual. Ravi was in the habit of taking bets with his friends in his reckless moods. The two friends rarely took up the challenge. But they felt that there was a chance of teaching Ravi a lesson that day. The occasion appeared exceptionally favourable to them. But luck favoured Ravi, to their bitter disappointment. As he entered the compartment, Ravi surveyed the whole lot of passengers critically. He noticed a woman who was sitting beside a window and a smile curved his lips. The woman had an impish child on her lap. The child made faces at its mother and pinched her and constantly distracted the attention of the woman. The mother removed a ring from one of her fingers, and gave it to the child and endeavoured to quieten the little soul. Ravi watched the scene with interest.

"Hail! Ramesh," called out Ravi, whose study of Shakespeare was in no degree less than Dr. Johnson's, "You see the chain over there? Well, if any bloke is prepared to part fifty bucks with me, I am prepared to pull the chain now!"

Ramesh shifted his glance blankly to the chain. There was this script under it—"To stop train, pull chain. For improper use, penalty Rs. 50." Ramu understood that the stalwart was upto some trick.

"Do you think I will let you go at that?" retorted Ramesh after a bit of contemplation. "Fifty rupees is a good round sum and I mean to challenge you and win the bet atleast once. How the deuce will you pull the chain for nothing?"

"Are you in earnest, Ramesh, old boy?" coaxed Ravi, "Think twice before you talk. Parting with one month's pocket money is not an easy joke. You will repent for this later unless you............".

"Shut up!" said Ramesh, cutting him short, "Once I decide, that is final."

Ramesh was evidently earnest. He appeared to mean business.

"If you take it in that spirit, I ought to congratulate you" replied Ravi. The die was cast.

• Mambalam-Saidapet-Guindy, the electric train was speeding along, halting at every station for less than a minute. Ramesh and Ramu began to wonder how this genius of a Ravi could engineer his path towards the coveted prize. Ravi was constantly turning towards the woman sitting beside the window over the corner there; but looking at her would not help him surely, thought Ramesh.

All of a sudden, like a cat pouncing upon its prey, Ravi darted towards the chain and pulled it with all his might. The train came to a dead halt with a jerk which seemed to break the spines of the passengers Within a minute, the guard was seen coming along the adjacent railway track. Ramesh and Ramu turned pale. They were afraid Ravi would be caught red handed. As they turned round to see Ravi, to their utter surprise, he was no where to be seen in the compartment.

"Did anyone pull the safety chain in this compartment," came the clarion voice of the guard. Ramesh was about to make the matter clear to the guard, when he stopped abruptly. At a distance, he could see the figure of Ravi, running towards their compartment. He could not understand why his friend was rushing to his doom. Ravi came coolly to the compartment, hopped in and made direct to the woman who was sitting by the window. The woman, on the other hand, seemed to be living in her own world, quite unaware of the strange event. She was searching her seat and under it for some missing object. Ravi, approached her with triumph, and as if by magic, produced before her a ring and said, "Here it is, lady." The guard made his way to his compartment, and the train began to move again.

Frustrated, Ramesh started ransacking his brain as to how to collect the fifty rupees.

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A TRIP TO MADURA

As a foreigner to this great Republic, I had developed a desire to visit every corner of it whenever chance and purse permitted me. The film *Avvaiyar* made a deep impression in my mind and aroused my curiosity to visit the town of Madura about three hundred miles south of Madras. Even in Ceylon, I had heard of the famous Meenakshi temple and its architectural work.

With a friend of mine, to whom many thanks are due, I left for Madura on the 18th December, '53 and was the guest of my friend's friend in the Tamilnad-Polytechnic. Almost the first visit I made there was the Meenakshi temple. I was shown the huge towers from the Polytechnic itself. How can I describe the feeling I experienced when I stood close to the works of those sculptors who were dragged mercilessly by the powerful hand of Death, but who have become eternal by their works in the massive stones. There are four *gopurams* at the outermost *veethi*, towering the skies. The pillars supporting the temple's superstructure are many, perhaps thousands, each having been moulded to various shapes and designs. The figures of lions, elephants, horses and jalies are worked on the pillars. The huge figure of *Kali* in its fierce form killing an *asura* deserves special mention. I paused to wonder, how, about a thousand years or so back the architects and sculptors had calculated the centre of gravity of bodies and proportioned them to scale. It is really a marvellous feat of Art.

The image of *Nataraja* carved out of one huge granite about nine feet in height attracted my attention. This image shows *Nataraja* dancing on his left-foot as opposed to the dances depicted in the Chidambaram shrine, The story according to the *Puranas*, is that the King Pandian a devotee of *Siva* begged Him to change His foot as he feared that the Lord may hurt His leg by overstraining it by dancing all the time. He was so sincere that he threatened to commit suicide if the Lord failed to accede to his request. It seems that *Nataraja*, to save his devotee danced before him by changing his leg. The massive image is covered with sheets of silver and exhibits a shining appearance when lit by the fluorescent lamps.

I have never seen *Vinayaka;* I mean an image, so hefty with a drum-like belly, like the one I saw at Meenakshi temple. There is an apartment in the premises of the temple which is labelled "Sangaththar Kovil". This is the relic of the ancient Tamil Academy at Madura and near it is the square tank called 'Pottamarai Kulam'. This is a historic spot and deserves to be visited by all self-respecting Tamilians.

The 'Thirumalai Naicken Mahal' (1623-1659) was the next visited by me. This too is of historic importance because it is the remains of the palace of the Tamil King who ruled about four hundred years ago. This is a magnificient building with decorative arches. By climbing up the stairs, I reached the dome from which I had a bird's eye view of Madura. Law-courts are held now in the palace. About a mile from the 'Mahal' is a huge tank of clear water, which I understand belongs to the Meenakshi temple. The 'Theppakulam' as it is called is about a furlong square, one has to cross by boat to reach the middle of the tank where there is a tall *mandapam* almost like a light house. Around it are mango trees which afford a good shade from the scorching rays of the sun. There are ladders, by which I climbed to the top and enjoyed the view.

'Thirupparanguntram' one of the six special abodes of *Murugan* is about five miles from Madura town. There is a temple on a hill, nicely built. Nothing but curiosity tempted me to climb the hill whose elevation I presume is about three hundred feet. On the top I saw a mosque and a 'lingam' slightly lower it. Water lilies in full bloom and tiny frogs leaping to and fro kept the stagnant water in between two rocks occupied. I thanked the mighty Creator almost spontaneously, when I beheld these creatures, for feeding them at such an elevation.

The transport system of Madura, namely, the T. V. S. Bus Co., deserves to be congratulated for its punctuality and efficiency. There is a great contrast between the Madras Bus Service and the T. V. S. Bus Service. There is no frequent breakdown of buses and no overcrowding. Queue system is observed unlike in Madras where the principle of 'might is right' holds sway. I make bold to say this, for, I myself was the victim in many a bus stop in Madras, because I tried to implicitly obey the 'queue rule,' which I picked up in Colombo, where the defaulter is punishable I am wiser now and cannot refrain from quoting H.G. Wells, "In the country of the blind, the one eye man cannot be King". I admire the system of bus transport in Madura.

S. KUMARASAMY.
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The writer is a native of Ceylon—Ed.

FIASCO

'T was Monday morning,
I was in bed still yawning,
For I hate the exam. It's a bugbear.
(I know with me you readily share!)

I had a fancy to ride a pony,
But my caprice ended in a catastrophe
Of costing my toe and senses complete.
(And with my fall Berlin's could n'er compete!)

I made love to a maiden once,
And her arms I vainly sought since
Wisdom lingered fairly late alas
To make clear it's mere mirage!

For letting the cat out of the bag
(Tho' I n'er carry any in a bag!)
I fell a prey to my chums' Joke,
Let them relax, harmless folk.

In class, in games, in short in every walk
I fail not ever to meet with a balk,
(For they say I 'rush' without dread
Where angels really 'fear to tread'!)

'T was again Monday morning,
I was in bed still yawning!
In the paper I missed my number.
(It's no wonder to those who know my slumber!)

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AND ALL MY LIFE THE SPECTRE HAUNTS

' And till my ghastly tale is told
This heart within me burns '—*Coleridge.*

I had often read about the famine stricken areas in the papers. After giving a few gifts of clothing and money to the collecting centres, I sat back complacently. When the water supply was cut in the city I grumbled and fretted at not being able to have my daily bath.

That summer we motored from Madras to Ooty. The sparse green stretches near Madras gave way to brown scorched tracts as we neared Ranipet. The once fertile soil, long since wrested of its life-giving water had become loose and sandy and lay piled in haphazard fluid drifts by the hot winds which moaned over the open plains. The lakes that had once been, were patches of hard and cracked ground. The sun beat down mercilessly. The road glimmered darkly and was a ribben of molten tar. The avenue trees stood tall and gaunt with their branches deciduous and scorched rising into the hot air. We put moistened towels on our faces.

I suppose it is a law of compensation in nature that the sun sets on a hot summer's day with breath taking loveliness. The fiery sun had shone in all his magnificence, and at the close of day departed with equal pomp and splendour. The western sky was ablaze with colours, which soon gave way to a deep flush of purple. And as the long fingers of night stole across the sky, the harsh and stark outlines of the parched landscape mellowed. The gaunt trees now looked beautiful and majestic. The scarred countryside, toned down into a bad dream that was.

We stopped and stretched ourselves out of stiffness. We decided to do justice to the delicious jellies and cakes we had brought along. I spread out the mat on a stony, mercifully not dusty patch of ground. There was a thicket of cactus near by. Only the cactus could look as prosperous as it did. Mother removed her ring and watch, to wash her hand. The ring was a two carat diamond affair. Against the dark stuff of the mat it gleamed in the twilight.

We were half way through our riotous meal, when I saw in the deepening gloom a tottering figure, not ten yards away. The whites of the eye were fixed and staring at the road. A ragged and dirty piece of cloth was wound round the middle. I guess it was a woman. She had long matted hair which hung about her in dirty clotted strands. With an inarticulate cry she fell tottering on the food. Her clawing and clutching hands tore at the buns and stuffed them into her mouth. We stared on in stunned silence at the feeble creature falling on the food and devouring it snarling as would a cur when disturbed while gnawing a purloined bone. I have never seen and pray never again to see a human being with hunger written in every line of the emaciated body.

And still glancing fearfully back she ran stumbling along, a biscuit tin clutched in her hand, and disappeared in the gathering gloom. In silence we stared at the remnants of her feast .....The ring on the mat caught a ray of light and threw it in my eye......

We made a package of all the food we had and left it there by the lonely road side.

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RHAPSODY OF LOVE

The temple was brightly lit with torches, and the crowd surged in and sat, a little restless but with a sense of anticipation. They did not chatter loud but whispered, awaiting every moment when the temple gong would sound. They waited with bated breaths and cast eerie glances around, but always glueing their looks towards the small dais where the temple platform was set off like a stage.

It was the temple of Jagannatha—huge, massive, picturesque. The tall stately pillars rose with carved lentils and the fine brackets of dancing *apsaras*, and the stony monuments looked down upon the crowd with a sense of greatness and strength. It was a beautiful temple that had took years to erect, but those years had been the moments of eternal exuberance, for workmen had toiled at it with the labour of love than with the love of gain.

The crowd that sat there was an odd crowd. Here the merchant-prince rubbed shoulders with the peasant; there the barber with the brahmin. They all sat in mingled unity, and though in everyday's walk of life they sneered at one another, every night brought them together in rich holiness. There were women also, crowding the eastern wing, the rich with the jewels overwhelming their slender bodies and the poor with torn saries draped gracefully around their meagre ones. There were children also learning to understand and love life, sitting amidst the women in mingled awe and concentration, who came every night to the temple with their parents to learn what Padmavathi taught.

And Padmavathi taught a lot. She was the temple dancer. Dedicated to Jagannatha early in life, she danced in the temple, and the people came to feel the divine joy that she imparted, and they, at the end of it all, offered offerings and sang hymns of praise. She taught through her gestures, through her *abhinayas* and *bhavas*, through her *rasas* and *talas*, the divine story of Krishna and his gopis, of Krishna and Radha, and told it slowly, told it spontaneously, told it with a wealth of grandeur and imagery, and everyone felt a strange joy in it, and went home afterwards, leaving their sins behind; to begin a new life of moral existence. And every night they came to know more, to feel more, to love more.

The gong sounded and the audience hushed, cutting out even the little whispers, and all the eyes stared unblinkingly at the stage. Four musicians entered, old priests who could play with excellence and skill, to soar your spirit to the highest abodes of the gods or to take you down to the netherlands to eternal damnation. They carried simple instruments but complicated in their *ragas* and modes: the *mridang* with thumping sounds that beat like the heart-beats, the *veena* with its five strings but which could tear the soul to pieces with its throb of rhythm, the cymbals that kept time and made the mind spin with the quaint metallic notes, and the flute, the magic flute that oozed melody with grace and made the blood race through the body and the heart pound against the ribs in ecstasy and jubilation.

At the second gong, Padmavathi entered, as beautiful as the rose and as stately as the lily. She went to the image enshrined in the inner sanctuary, bowed down in deep reverence to it then came out, bowed to the musicians and the instruments, then bowed to the audience and faced them as the strains of music filled the air.

She was a glory to behold. She was like a poem, a picture, an exquisite figure of art. She was tall and sparing with a glowing body, rigid in its sensuality and supple in

its essence. Her eyes were big and soft and limpid warm with feeling, sparking with delight. Her mouth was red, full and tender, ripe for the richness of love but chaste from the impertinence of its thrill. She was like a spirit, and looking on her one felt that she was a goddess in human garb.

In one corner of the temple sat a young man, silent and watchful. He sat with the people as one amongst them but yet he seemed so aloof. He was handsome with searching eyes that drank in everything. looked into everything, felt everything. Sometimes the complexities in his mind puzzled his glance and he wavered with indecision and wretchedness. He was a slim youth with a luxuriant growth of hair. a renowned scholar who read the *Vedas* and the *Upanishads* in the morning, lisped the verses of *Ramayana* and *Mahabharata* at noon, and when night fell, he carried his torch to the temple of Jagannatha and sat in a corner and looked on Padmavathi.

The dance began. He heard the story through the eyes but more than hearing, he felt it, because her story was told in a rich language of eloquent gesture and mood. He watched her, fascinated. She moved her feet with a soft tread and moved her arms languorously, then brought the feet down with a wild thump and the arms swung fast, serpentine, her fingers closing and opening, now like a flower, now like a deer, now like a swan, now like a leaf, and as they gathered momentum, he saw all of them in a haze, a mystic symbolic haze. The body swayed and glided and the hands and feet twirled and twisted and spun with feline grace, her moods inspiring and sensual. The eyebrows arched, the eyes glanced furtively, and the head moved on the neck with meaningful jerks. and he wondered if she was real or a spirit. She seemed to soar and fly away and then come back again with a wild exultation, maddening the peoples' hearts, whirling their giddy minds, making them feel foolish with delight and ecstasy. She told a mystic tale, of the love of Radha and Krishna, of Krishna and the *gopikas*, interpreting with a strength of joy the universal love, the universal pain, the universal force. It went on, hour after hour, till the small hours of the morning, and the people watched with taut faces, with faces glowing with happiness, concentrated with understanding, tightened with the thrill. Though many of the children slept, the elders stayed awake, drinking from the fountain of divinity the wine of life.

Then it was over. The dying flames flickered on the torches and the people rose, gave their offerings, and singing in exuberance, went their several ways.

But he sat still. Like a statue, immobile, unconcerned but thoughtful. Then he was conscious of the *pandas* going to the river to do their ablutions He woke up as if from a stupor, and rose with a strange fire in his eyes. Then suddenly his eyes danced with puzzlement and he wondered what had really inspired him.

He took his torch off the crevice and put it out. He turned to go but a voice whispered near him, a voice of liquid gold that made his self brim within him.

" You are the first to come and the last to go. Do you love my dance so much ? "

He turned and faced her.

"Yes." he said. You dance like a dream —ethereal, sublime, divine. You tell the story of Radha and Krishna as if you're Radha, so alive, so real, so full of vigour and charm and grace. I get lost when you dance. You're like an *apsara*."

"I'm a mortal," she said with embarrassment, "not an airy creature. Who are you ?"

"Is it necessary to know who I am ?"

"Yes. You sit there and seek—your glances go probing about—trying to uncover something. Before I begin my dance, I see you—you do not know that—but I see you, searching, exploring, scrutinizing. Why ?"

"I do not know. After your performance I want to do something—something big, something magnificent, something the world has never known before."

She looked at him curiously. His face was flushed with uneasiness but his eyes lightened with excitement. He looked like a young god. She moved nearer him.

"You do not know what it is ?"

"No. But I feel it in here," he said, laying his hand on his heart. "Deep within me I feel a stirring, a curious sensation of rapture and pain, and when I try to probe into it, it comes to nothingness. It is like a dream, vague, uneasy, far away."

"You did not tell me who you are."

"I'm a scholar. I sit at the books and read and recite. But I do not want to read or recite. I want to do something else. What ? I'm helpless. I do nct know."

"What is your name ?"

"They call me Tindibilwan."

"Do you think yon can find what you are searching for by seeing me dance ?"

"How can I tell ? If Arjuna had not the qualms of conscience, the Bhagavad Gita would never have been expounded. It Rama had not hearkened to the foolish rantings of a washerman, his Sita would not have been exiled, and the tale of Lava and Kusa would have been different. You do not know when things can happen. They happen so suddenly, in such unexpected places."

"You're a strange man. I like you."

He looked into her unwavering eyes, and the eyes held the eyes in a tight embrace. His hands were sweating and he clenched his fists. Her mouth trembled with the sudden gust of emotion that seemed to overwhelm her, and she came to him, breathing hard.

"I must go," he said suddenly, and ran down the temple steps to the river.

She stared at his retreating figure with an ache in her heart, an ache that brought a lump to the throat, an ache that soothed and pained. She wondered why it was so, and then for no reason at all, she began to sob.

That night he didn't come. She wondered why she missed him. But she felt wretched and miserable. Her heart ached for him, and when she danced, the ache became a reality. She knew she was in love.

But the people loved her and cried with her. Poor Radha ! How she felt the separation of Krishna ! Oh, the story was full of pain, misery, madness. They watched but never suspected the turmoil raging in her soul, the suffering in her self, the affliction in her heart. They just thought it was a tale, and when the dance finished, they went home as usual.

But Padmavathi did not go home—the little house behind the temple that lodged an old father, a heavy stern man with bushy eyebrows and a brow of pride. She covered herself with a shawl and ran to the river-gardens, knowing he would come to the river when the dawn broke.

But she was shocked to see him lying under a tree, fast asleep. He looked tired and unhappy. She went up to him and brushed back his hair from his face She stroked his face and her heart surged within her. She loved him, she loved him to distraction.

Then he woke. At first, he thought it was a dream, then finding her real, he grew afraid. He stood up, rigid with apprehension.

"What are you doinng here ?" he asked.

"I came to see you. Why didn't you come last night ?"

"I did not want to come."

"I missed you. My heart cried out for you. My eyes searched for you but you were not there. Why did you not come ?"

He turned his face away and rested his head on the trunk of the tree.

"I am afraid," he said, "I love you." Then he turned and faced her, his face angry and fierce. I love you," he said ferociously, and she jumped at the savagery in his voice. "I, a poor scholar, who cannot lay riches at your feet, love you. I loved you all along. And yesterday, when you spoke, I was afraid. My love is not good. It hurts."

"It hurts me also very much," she said "I do not want riches. I want you. I am shameless, but I cannot help myself." There were tears in her eyes. "Tindibilwan, I love you, too."

It was a love that took them by storm and rushed them through the whirlwind. There was a sense of the brute in it mingled with the awe of the sublime. They were everywhere, happy and joyous. They meandered the river-banks watching the birds of the air and the creatures of the deep, they roamed in the gardens smiling with the flowers and swaying with the stalks, they went to the temple and made joint offerings, and when in very exuberant moods she danced for him, he watched her, and then clasped her with an almost bursting heart.

But people didn't like it. The *pandits* clamoured that it was sacrilege for a scholar to love a *devadasi*. She was dedicated to God, not to pander to the vulgar loves of a poverty-stricken student. The purohits and the priests condemned the affair. And the people, religious-minded, orthodox, took up staves and threatened the youth's annihilation. They mocked him and cursed him, and with the guardians of the temples urging them on, they even set upon him. But he didn't care. He bore their mockery with disdain and their scorn with amusement. His love was good and pure, and even if the gods interfered, he would not give her up.

But more than him, her life was made miserable. The priests threatened to excommunicate her, and warned her father to take care of his daughter even if he had to cut her heart out. The father heard with concern, because she brought him his living. and if she misbehaved he would have to beg in the streets. He kept her under strict vigilance.

"I will die," she said, "if I don't see him. I love him, and nobody is going to stop me from loving him."

"I will break every bone in your body," her father said angrily. "Disobey me, and you are lost. Here the temple gives you good clothes, good food, and good money, and you want to go and cast your affections on a worthless scoundrel. You should be ashamed of yourself."

"Love has no shame, father. And he is not a worthless scoundrel. He is a dreamer, an idealist, a man who has lost his way. I want him to find it, help him to find it. And mind you, father, for out of the jungle of his thoughts will come the beautiful valleys of life. Let me go and help him, father. He will be lost without me."

"I'd rather he died. If you continue your struggles to meet him, or see him, I'll see to it that he walks the earth no more. I'll kill him myself."

"Why, farther ?"

"His love is impure. And it is not love. It is a sin. A deadly, ugly sin. You are a *devadasi*—the servant of God—the dancer in the temple. You are an embodiment of of sanctity, and your love is divine. No poor man can touch you and contaminate you. If that happens, what will happen to our beliefs ?"

"Oh, father, love is not a sin. Love is the embodiment of everything beautiful. Love is sublime. It is joyous. And his touch is divine. He's a saint."

"A swine, he is. Keep away from him."

Tindibilwan was castigated wherever he walked. But he never raved, never ranted

The *pandas* refused him admission in the temple, and the people refused him food and drink. He wandered along the river-banks, drinking the water and eating whatever he could find. In the loneliness of his nights he talked to her and he felt as if she talked back to him and it gave him peace.

But this peace was short-lived. People routed him everywhere and chased him from street to street, from one end to another, making life unbearable. But he bore it all with calm, with tranquility. Their stones hurt his flesh but their words could not reach his soul. His soul was above them, sublime, saintly.

The whole thing grew monotonous. People tired of this unkempt fellow's daring to stay in that place. The citizens with their temple guardians decided to banish him from the place. He was a sore and his departure would bring peace. They brought him to the temple of Jagannatha, and tried him.

Satyasaran, the old sage, tottering on his feet, his eyes hard with penances and his body stiff with the rigours of ascetism, took his lofty seat, a judge under whom the people trembled. Around him sat the other priests, old and young alike, the fire of religion in their eyes, the flame of vengeance burning against Tindibilwan for desecrating their sacredness. And there sat the haughty father of Padmavathi. The people grouped together, whispering, afraid and yet bold, wondering how it all would end.

Then Satyasaran spoke, angry words flaying the air. "You are hereby ordered to get out of Jagannatha, and by to-morrow's sunset ; if you are found within the confines of the city-wall, you will be publicly burned. You have violated our most holy laws, profaned our most pious sacraments, sinned against our very faith. You are guilty of every ungodly act, and we hereby cast you out as a reprobate, filled with carnal filth, evil-minded and undevout. Now, have you anything to say ?"

Tindibilwan was a weak man, but hunger had no pang for him, and thirst had no despair. His one anxious thought was to see Padmavathi—and he could forego heaven for a sight of her.

"I have one question to ask," he said slowly. "You say I am a sinner. What exactly is my sin ?"

The brows of everyone shot up. This was defiance. It was insolence. How contemptuous can a man be !

"You ask ?" thundered Satyasaran. "You have made love to a *devadasi*—the dedicated of God. And you ask !"

Tandibilwan rose. Then in a voice of thunder, he said:

"Love is not a sin. If God can love, why can't I love ? Love is divine. Every mortal man who loves, loves because there is in him the purity of life. Love makes a man clean sinless, perfect. You take my love as something dirty. My love is not unclean. You are unclean. You are dirty. Your minds are filthy, filled with slush and garbage, narrow, inhuman, bestial. You banish me—you, who have no right to do anything. I will live here and if you kill me, you will all commit the sin of murder and will wander in your cycle of birth and death till you atone for it. Nobody can touch me. I am free to do what I like—to love, to live, to die. And I will go now, to my house, and I say again, you are all cowards, fools, filled with narrow hypocrisy, desecrating what you yourself think is sanctified."

He swept his hand in finality, and everyone started. Nobody, in the lives before or in the lives to come, would have spoken thus. Even Satyasaran, his eyes blazing, was silent. There was a deathly calm. Tindibilwan walked to the house where Padmavathi was locked up in.

"Padma !" he called, and she came to the barred window.

"Tindibilwan !" she sobbed. "They will kill you."

"They will not touch me. But Padma, I know something. They say love is a sin. But I will show them it is not. I will show them."

"What will you do ?" she asked, frightened.

"I will sing ; I will write. I will tell them what I always wanted to do. I have found myself, Padma. I have found myself."

"Oh, Tindibilwan ! I am afraid. Do take care."

"I have no fear. And have no fear yourself. In a short time and I will teach these stupid fools what love is. I will teach them."

"Hold my hand, Tindibilwan. Let me hold your hand. I am trembling within. Hold my hand."

She put her hand out and he held it. The tremble ceased and a strong joy flowed through them.

"Do it, darling," she sobbed and sank on to the ground.

He went from there to his little house by the edge of the river. He took up the palm leaves and the stylet and set to work. He wrote lyric after lyric, a strange poem a poem of love, of sorrow, of tears, of fulfilment, of the end of desire, of the attainment of self. He sang as he wrote and the numbers flowed and his stylet moved, and even when it became dark he did not feel the gloom. Lyric after lyric in *bhairavi*, in *gurjjari*, in *vasanta*, in *malava ;* lyric after lyric in the mode of *yati*, *ektali*, *nihsara*, and when the darkness became too unbearable, he laid the stylet down and lighted the small fluttering lamp.

Night and day he sat and worked, regardless of hunger, thirst, pain. Night and day he sang and wrote, regardless of rest or sleep. When he finished the poem and laid the stylet down, he was not bitter anymore. He smiled complacently, and retreated to the far corner to his pallet, laid himself down and was lost in a deep sleep.

When he woke he found himself on a soft bed sorrounded by strange faces. They seemed all gorgeously dressed. He thought he had come to Amaravathi, then realised he had done nothing to achieve that greatness. He blinked at the people, and slowly the faces became clear, strange shaven faces, and the garbs were all kingly. Then he saw her.

" Padma ! " he whispered hoarsely.

She came up to him, tears in her eyes.

" Tindibilwan ! " she flung herself on him and he held her tight.

" Padma ! "

Then somebody cleared his voice. They looked up and saw a tall, stately man, handsome, kingly. Padmavathi stood aside, with deep reverence.

" I am glad you have awaken at last. We took you for dead. I am glad at the songs you have written. It's the greatest song that has ever come out of a mortal soul. I heard your name is Tindibilwan. Is it ? It is the name of a village."

"Yes," the youth answered. " My name is not Tindibilwan, But everyone calls me by that name. But who are you ?"

"I am Lakshmanasena, King of Bengal. I came to tour my dominions and in this city of Jagannatha I heard strange things. I saw, and what I beheld were miracles. I know everything. And I have asked the priests to withdraw their words and to ask you forgiveness. Also the people. And they are all repentent. What a poem you wrote ! It's a lovely song. And everyone has heard it for I have commanded it to be sung."

"Thank you, my lord." He turned to Padmavathi. "Do you like it, Padma ?"

"Yes, Tindibilwan. It's so tender, so lovely, so beautiful. It is exquisite. I could dance interpreting that song, dance without tiring, dance till the end of time."

"Is love a sin ?" he asked the king.

"Is it ? Your song says quite the contrary. The pandits agree it is not a sin."

"Padma ! Love is not sacrilege."

"No, Tindibilwan."

"And," continued the king, "I make you my *rathna*—the jewel—with the title of Kaviraj. You shall come to my court and dwell there. Great shall be your honour and immense shall be your riches."

"Thank you, my King."

"And that song—it is a song to be sung throughout the ages. What would you call it ? The song of senses and essences ?"

"I do not know." He looked at Padmavathi. "What shall I call that song ?"

"*Gita Govinda*—the song of songs—the song of Govaradhana."

"Yes. *Gita Govinda*, call it that."

"But what is your name ?"

"Jayadeva—of Tindibilwan."

Everyone gasped. "Jayadeva ?" they said and wondered why that name had come upon them like the scent of the roses, like an offering of peace, like the moments of joy.

"And now—I will leave you alone. When you are well, repair to my court. Farewell."

Jayadeva tried to rise but he was too weak. "Thank you, sire."

With the King, the rest of the retinue disappeared. Jayadeva was left alone with Padmavathi. He sighed happily. He took her in his arms and kissed her.

"This is like a miracle. I cannot believe it."

"You are bold, too bold and daring for a dreamer. You frightened the people in sullen silence. Remember that day when you talked to me, when I was locked in ? The priests and the people were frightened by your words, your vehemence, your courage. My father came back, shaking with fear. He told me it was so unnatural but they were left helpless. Then when King Lakshmanasena came, they told him about you. And he saw the song, read it, and made the priests recite it, chant it, and teach it to the people. Those who scoffed at you now lisp your name in reverence. They have forgotten, for the song has brought them joy and happiness that even my dances could not give them. Oh, Tindibilwan ! I love you."

"Jayadeva is my name," he said softly. "This is what I always wanted, Padma. And I have found it. You made me find it. If ages sing that song, Padma, they must be grateful to you. You are that song, you are the spirit of that song. I learnt from you when you danced. I learnt from you when I loved you, I learnt from you when you were not with me and the people mocked and abused me. O Padma ! How wonderful is a woman ! Man is a miserable creature struggling for existence in this fight for living, wearing out the body and bittering the soul, woman is his beacon-light, his inspiration, his poetic illusion of strange reality. And her love is the love that transcends even the divine, for God can love only with the spirit but woman loves with her very soul. I am happy."

"I am happy, too. Jayadeva ! It's a nice name."

He smiled slowly. "Will your father—your guardians of the temple—will they allow us to be united—will they ?"

"Yes," she whispered. "Yes."

And in the days that followed, Jayadeva regained his strength, and went to the court of Lakshmanasena. With him went his bride, gaily decked, the lotus-eyed, lotus-figured, lotus-named Padmavathi.

"Like Radha and Krishna," he said happily.

"Like *Gita Govinda*," she answered, and the ache of the ages vanished and there came the eternal peace of joy and happiness.

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THE OLD SALT

"Ahoy there! Make way chums!" This familiar cry is heard every day more than once in the little village of St. Mary's by the sea. Old Captain James Hawk, known to everyone as Captain Jim, is a retired seaman. Every morning he goes along the beach on his cycle which he says goes at "two knots" an hour. Jim, who considers the sea as his beloved home, lives alone in a little cottage standing on a rock facing the ocean. His cottage is called the "Golden Hawk," after his ship.

Every evening, Jim can be found cleaning his bicycle, to make it ship-shape for the morrow's "cruise." Sometimes he helps the village newspaper boy to deliver his "cargo" and often stops at the "port" of a friend. Jim is known to everyone in the village, and all know his love for the sea. Nothing makes him happier than to relate tales of the sea and of his adventures abroad the "Golden Hawk."

At times someone is heard to yell. "Ahoy, Captain" and from within comes the answer, "Yo ho, Tim". Soon a tall, old man with a snow-white beard can be seen walking up the path to the cottage. Tim is one of Jim's old sailors who still calls him "Captain." They sit together for hours, chewing the ends of their pipes and talking of the good old days, in a language which none but sailors would understand. Often they sit and silently gaze at the ever-murmuring sea, their sad yearning faces recalling memories of bygone days. Upon them comes the urge to abandon everything and return "home." Except for Jim and Tim the rest of the "Golden Hawk's" crew lie in "Davy Jones' Locker."

The little village boys hero-worship Jim and never tire of hearing his tales. Many an evening when twilight draws near, Jim can be seen sitting on the beach, surrounded by his little "sailors," teaching them to make models of the "Golden Hawk". When the twinkling stars appear in the blue canopy above, the little "sailors" are still there, kneeling around Jim, their eager faces uplifted, listening with rapt attention to his tales. Their young hearts yearn for adventures such as Jim's. Slowly, as the tide rises and laps their feet, Jim sends them back to the village, while he "sails" back to harbour. As he "cruises" along, the soft echoes of the Angelus bell far below in the valley reminds him of the many times he and his crew used to kneel in fervent prayer while the stormy seas lashed about the ship in all their fury.

Jim's word is accepted by everyone in the village; should anyone dare to doubt it, he expounds with conviction, "Three score years and four have I lived on the sea!" He is a great help to the mothers of the village. Often as he "cruises" along, one of them gives him a little mischievous boy, who is only too delighted to be Jim's "light cargo."

At night, after supper, which he eats perched on a huge sea-chest, from a tin can belonging to the "Golden Hawk", he goes back to the beach. There he stands with his feet in the water, all alone, gazing far out to sea with a vacant look. When he spies a vessel, he takes his white kerchief and waves it, shouting "Ahoy Amigo!" The echoes of the rolling waves are sweeter than music in his ears; there is yearning and pathos lined deeply on the old weather-beaten face. Everything and everyone are wiped out of his mind. Only the sea, and the waves and past memories make up his solitary world. Thus this lonely old sailor who treasures dearly his museum of memories, gazes and gazes at his beloved sea, yearning fiercely to return to his only 'home' on earth—the perilous, billowing and tossing waters

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'DANCING ELECTRONS'

Development of mental thought and influence of nature has enabled Man to probe into the mysteries of nature and study them. Thus knowledge and learning became associated with human life all along the history of the world. Physical Science has been characterised for its methodical growth.

The present day conception of matter on atomic theory reckons that all substances consist of atoms, the word 'atom' meaning 'indivisible' in Latin. These atoms in turn consist of charged particles namely Electrons carrying negative charge, Protons carrying positive charge and Neutrons which are netural in charge. These charged particles revolve in fixed orbits and continue to do so, as long as no external force acts on them. But the story of modern science is the story of the Electron, and all the classical inventions of this period have in some way or other centered around the property of this Electron.

As previously mentioned the Electrons carry the negative charge in the flow of electric current. The electrical theory in terms of Electrons being, that a definite number of Electrons reside in matter in an unelectrified state so as to be natural, that the negative charge in a material is being due to the excess of Electrons present in them, that charging a body positively means the removal of Electrons and thus conductors possess free Electrons moving, at random in the matter.

J. J. Thompson discovered Electrons while working with the discharge of electricity through gases. He then called them corpuscules and later Stoney gave them the familiar name 'Electron'. Several scientists like Thompson, Crookes, Wilson, Townsend, Millikan, Rutherford and Geiger have carried out experiments to find the charge, mass and the ratio of charge to mass of the Electron, each in their own way; and none following the other. Davison and Germer showed that the Electron has a wavy nature, while Einstein, has given a quantum nature to the Electron based on the famous Quantum Theory of Max Planck.

Electrons are produced in many ways. The following four are the important methods, namely, Thermionic Emission, Secondary Emission, Field Emission and Photo-electric Emission.

In the Thermionic Emission, Electrons are produced by heating an element in an evacuated bulb. The emission has been due to the agitation of Electrons as that of water in a tumbler and as the temperature increases more Electrons are released. This property is used for the manufacture of the Diode, Triode and other Radio valves, rectifiers, amplifiers etc.

The Secondary emission caused by the high speed Electrons striking a metal and thereby releasing Electrons from the bounding surface of the metal, forms a good method of producing electrons.

In the Field Emission, Electrons are produced due to high intensity current in vacua. Electrons play the sole part in Vacuum, otherwise the gas molecules that are present result in the formation of Ions. However, with certain ionising agencies like X-rays, Ultra Violet rays conduction has been possible even in presence of gases.

The Photo-electric method of producing Electrons has been widely used. Owing to its paramount importance in industrial and scientific research the Photo cell has been rightly named as 'Electric Eye'. The following are a few ways of producing Electrons by this method.

In the Photo-electric Emission Electrons are emitted by the action of light on some special metals. Hertz in 1887 discovered that an electric current could be drawn in the form of Electrons by the action of light

under suitable conditions. In 1905, Einstein gave the mathematical explanation for this action using the already mentioned Quantum theory of Planck. According to this, if the frequency of incident light is high, the incident Photons get enough energy to eject Electrons from the surfase of the metal under action. Different types of Photo-electric cells exist to suit the nature of the work to be done. Photo-electric cells are used in Sound films, Television, for the measurement of sunlight in atmosphere, the penetration of daylight into seas and lakes, the opacity of solids and liquids, in colour matching etc. They are also used for the automatic opening and closing of doors, timing movements, counting moving objects etc.

The other forms under the Photo cell method are Photo-Conductivity which being the response of Selenium on illumination, Photovoltaic emission in which two specially prepared conducting surfaces cause a flow of electric current on illumination by light, and also by the Becquerel effect, wherein two special electrodes immersed in a liquid elctrolyte on illumination produces a voltage.

The Dancing Electrons are also responsible for several modern inventions like the X-rays, Television, Sound film, Electron microscopy etc.

X-rays were discovered by W. K. Rontgen in 1895. They are produced in the discharge tube by the impact of Electrons on an anti-cathode or metallic target. These are similar in nature to light rays but are very small in wave length. The chief property of X-rays is its penetrative power due to its high frequency. One need not be told of its application in Therapy and Surgery. In Industry it is used for the study of structures of materials. In scientifical research X-ray photograph is very much essential.

Television crowned the popularity of electron. Dancing Electrons solved the problem of transmitting motion pictures through space. Developed by J. L. Baird and V. K. Zworykin, the method consists in the cooperetion of two instruments namely 'Iconoscope' popularly known as 'Ike' which acts as the transmitter and 'Kinescope' as the receiver. In the Iconoscope incident light releases electrons from the flourscent screen. The released electrons carry the signals and cause variation in current which transmits them through space in the form of waves. In the receiver the signals are fed to a Cathode ray Osrillograph and are projected on a screen.

In the Sound Films, Electrons play a big part in the recording of sound. The recording is done in two ways using a Photo cell or Carbon arc lamp to control the light which varies according to the current from the microphono. The reverse process causes the projection of sound in the theatre. Electron microsopy has enabled a magnification of 10,000 to 40,000 times the object in view, wherein, instead of light rays, electron beam is used. Cyclotron and Betatron are used for the production of Radio active substances like Uranium, Thorium etc. Radio location and Radar have met with wide use in both military and civilian operations.

The above are but very few applications of the dancing Electron. Modern research work has designed an electronic brain and many other wonderful invention. The task will be endless

This tiny Electron can make Heaven out of Hell and unfortunately also Hell out of Heaven as used in the recent world war. Scientific knowledge itself is neither good nor evil. It can be used in any one of the two ways. The fate of mankind may well depend on the decisions which are taken with regard to them in the following few years.

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INDIAN STUDENTS WITH MRA IN EUROPE

Rajendra Das Mathur at work with Moral Re-Armament in Europe is a graduate of the Hindu College, University of Delhi. Founder and Secretary-General of the United Nations Students' Association of India. In 1951, he was declared Champion Debater of Delhi. He writes from Germany :—

"Here in Europe for the last several months I have seen Moral Re-Armament bringing hope, clarity and light to families, industries and nations—and to students too !"

As I was experiencing my first snow-fall in December, students began to pour into the Ruhr district of Germany from African, Asian and European countries. From twenty nations they gathered in Castrop-Rauxel for an International Students' Conference for Moral Re-Armament.

"Our generation will soon have to face the question whether or not we want to have a future," said the invitation. If we say 'Yes', we must create the uniting force of men and women committed to remake the world on solid moral foundations."

Delegates of many countries at the MRA World Assembly in Switzerland.

Left to right : Sule Kolo, Government Labour Officer, Nigeria ; Angelo Pasetto, Milan, former Communist ; W. Farrar Vickers, Director, Vickers Oils, Britain ; Albert Ely, Washington, D.C., Supreme Court Lawyer ; Belford Lawson, the American Negro leader and Supreme Court Lawyer ; Chike Uwajeh, Chairman of the Lagos Branch, National Council of Nigeria and the Cameroons Youth Association.

During the conference, Godfrey Agbim from Nigeria said, "I fight for MRA because only on this basis can all races in Africa live together and fight for a new world".

Later in a manifesto the participants said, "At this Assembly we saw unity created where there had been division. Bridges where built between Germans and French, Indonesians and Dutch. This was possible because men changed and decided to base their lives on absolute moral standards under the guidance of God."

A year ago I myself could not imagine that I would be working like this in Europe along with Europeans, British and Americans. After the independence of my country I wanted to have nothing to do with them any more. I hated them. But MRA has made me free, and made it possible for me to see myself and the world without the marks of bitterness and hatred.

As I look about the ruins of the last war here in Germany, I cannot help facing the two alternatives so clearly outlined by the student conference: world destruction or world renaissance. I fight with MRA because I have chosen renaissance."

R. Vaitheswaran, President, Nizam's College Students' Union of Hyderabad, writes:-

"India is a vast country with immense problems. As a thinking student I wanted the answer to the 120 million people who live on the border of semi-starvation, to the millions of educated youth who roam the streets because they cannot get jobs and to the vast illeteracy, unemployment and poverty that is modern India. The peasant must have land, and every educated youth his job.

I met Moral Re-Armament when Dr. Buchman came to India last year. I heard gripping stories of many people who changed their way of living so drastically that they had the new power in them to do something effective about the social and economic problems around them. I myself had been a Communist and had spent two and a half years in prison for my political activity. But the ambition and selfishness and bitterness I saw in the party during the struggle for power between the various groups inside it disillusioned me. I was beginning to lose faith in all that I had believed in before, but found no satisfying alternative to fill the vacuum.

When I first met people in MRA I looked on them with suspicion and mistrust because I thought it might be an ideological weapon of the Western Imperialists. But more and more I felt the challenge of the four standards of honesty, purity, unselfishness and love for my own life. I saw a way of life and a philosophy transferred from the realms of thought and speculation into action and practice in the day to day life of many people from different lands. Into a world of conflict and division MRA seemed to be bringing a uniting force by challenging Communist and Capitalist alike to a superior way of life. I realised how much my own frustrated ambition and bitterness had been the motive force of much of my past. This gave me a new perspective. With greater clarity I saw that the greed, hatred and ambition in people like me had a great deal to do with the clash of nations. A firm decision on my part to live by the four absolute standards and the guidance of God was the beginning of the answer to the conflicts of the world. "Social change, economic change, national change and international change" as Dr. Buchman put it, "all based on personal change". By dealing with moral compromise in men, MRA has the power to make revolutionaries out of capitalists and to make Communists fight for an even greater revolution."

Last September, I was in Europe with these two men and many other student leaders from various parts of the world, who had come to attend the World Assembly for

Moral Re-Armament at Caux. Perched on a hill, three thousand feet high, looking across the great Lake Geneva to the French Alps, and surrounded by a panorama of mountains, valleys and distant towns, and set like a precious pearl against one of the most impressive backgrounds of natural beauty, Caux is ideally situated to serve the high purpose it stands for. It stands for a new world order,—a hate-free, fear-free, greed-free society of men and nations. It is the world training centre for Moral Re-Armament and since 1946 thousands of people from over a hundred different countries have come here and found a new hope and a firm faith for themselves and their nations.

Last year, 74 of us from India, Pakistan and Ceylon attended the World Assembly for Moral Re-Armament at Caux. Among the Indian delegates were Members of Parliament, Industrialists, Trade Unionists, Journalists and Students.

At this Assembly I met people from almost every part of the world, of all classes, races and colours. I met Hindus, Muslims, Parsis, Buddhists and Christians. The Assembly was a cross-section of the world and I was thrilled beyond measure to find a real universal brotherhood actually established.

The speakers at this Assembly did not theorize or sermonize. They spoke only about their first-hand experiences—in their own lives and in situations where they work, whether in the factory, university, government or at home. And the evidence presented was such that it left no doubt in me about the effectiveness of MRA in action. Then I realized that MRA was not just another theory but a practical way of life. It does not offer ready-made solutions but fits men and women to find the right answers to the problems of the age.

I decided to commit myself to this task of building a brave new world where there shall be no exploitation of man by man. I believe in Dr. Frank Buchman's words: "Human nature can be changed, that is the root of the answer. National economies can be changed, that is the fruit of the answer. World history can be changed, that is the destiny of our age."

Anyone who has thought about the problems that face us as a nation to-day will realize the truth and validity of our Prime Minister's forthright statement: "*The supreme necessity to-day is the raising up of the morals and discipline among the people, without which India cannot survive as a free nation.*" Our President in his Independence Day Speech made the same appeal.

Last year student leaders from all over India signed a manifesto that said in part :— "The atmosphere that prevails in the universities and colleges of a country and the direction in which the minds of the students and young people work determines the future of the country and the world. This atmosphere to a great extent depends upon the individuals comprising the Colleges and Universities. We therefore realize that for the progress of our nations and the world a change in our hearts and minds is essential and this change must be brought about immediately. We acknowledge the following facts :—

1. That a great deal of moral degeneration has unfortunately crept into the Universities through us.

2. That we have very often laid emphasis on wrong values and have been guided often by success, sex and security.

3. That we have contended ourselves with mere book-knowledge and have very seldom tried to translate into action, thus making our lives unpractical and useless.

4. That we have shirked our moral obligations towards our friends, families Universities, Nation and Humanity.

5. That we took great pride in our spiritual heritage but never thought of making it a reelity in our present lives.

We are aware that a tremendous responsibility for the future peace and happiness in the world lies on each one of us, and we are convinced that, that can be achieved only if we become changed, god-guided young men and women, and live by absolute moral standards.

We extend our hand to all those who believe with us that the world can be rebuilt by people who begin with themselves, their homes and their surroundings."

WHAT YOU CAN DO

Moral Re-Armament is demonstrating on a world scale that human nature can be changed and changed quickly.

The way to change is to begin putting right what is wrong.

Take pencil and paper and write down the places where change is needed. Write down the four standards of absolute honesty, purity, unselfishness and love.

Start with honesty. Absolute honesty. What about money? What about cheating? Did I return the books I borrowed? One man was always complaining about dishonesty in the Government while he was cheating on taxes himself. His change meant paying back what he owed. Now instead of criticising the politicians he tells them how he became honest.

What about the person from whom I feel most divided? Is it all his fault? I may be 10% wrong, but it is easier for me to put right 10%, than for him to put right 90% so why not start there?

Take time to listen to God. Write down every thought that comes. Check the thoughts against those four standards. Obey the thoughts you get. Start everyday with this discipline.

Most of us the first time we listen, will get ideas about how to put right, things that are wrong. Money to pay back. Apologies to make. Honest relationships to restore in the family.

The way is simple. Listen honestly. Write it down. Test it. Carry it out. You will become an effective force for remaking the world.

V. C. VISWANATHAN.

Sri V. C. Viswanathan was formerly the President of the Law College Representative Council (1952/53) and also the Founder-President of The Madras College Students' Council. Last year he attended the World Assembly for Moral Re-Armament held at Caux in Switzerland.—*Ed.*

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